

T H E

Statue of K. James the first's Speech to K. George

WH A T mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my Rest,
 Oh; Doughty George, Why so untimely drest;
 In Armour art thou plac'd, not to defend,
 Britannia from her Foes, but chiefest Friend,
 Dost think that e'er thy Hannoverian Face,
 Was destin'd to fill up Great J A M E S's Place,
 Methinks the Epuirage of thy vile Scene,
 Does nothing more than Blood and Begg'ry mean.
 Those are the dire Effects, needs must attend;
 A hardned Block, no Chizzel e'er can mend,
 Thy Crown's Usurpt, Thou bearest a bloody Sword,
 Inscrib'd Leviathan, Our Sovereign Lord;
 Thy towry Front, a fiery meteor bears,
 An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears;
 Bribe hungry Priests, to Deify your might,
 To teach your Will's, your only Rule to Right }
 And sound to all Damnation dare deny't;
 For Heav'n designs 'gainst Heaven you should turn.
 To make Men fear those Pow'rs, at which you spurn,
 Thou art advanc'd, A Statue most recline,
 From us th' Almighty has Proclaim'd Divine,
 The City thinks they've done a gracious Thing.
 To Raise thy Figure, poor Elected King;
 Each side they should have Plac'd a Turkish Clown,
 One to uphold thy Scepter, th' other Crown,
 Well at the Hole of Hockley wou'dst thou do,
 For Stake to tie thy Brother Gaurus too;
 Or in Change Alley equally as well,
 Parliaments to buy, and their Revenues sell,
 The just similitude I'm sure will hold,
 For Thou thy self art often bought and sold;
 Thy Hogan Statue, is more Loathsome far,
 Than Nassaus Will; who Caused all our War;
 'Twas malice and Revenge, first form'd thy Face,
 To be to Albions monarchy, Disgrace;
 View but this Goatish King, in his Alcove,
 With secret scenes of his incestuous Love,
 Think him amidst his Oliverian Crew,
 Who th' way to murthers, and to Treasons shew;
 And Churchmen to oppress, with Laws severe, }
 Or wound the Innocent, that wont cohere
 To see their Usurpation persevere.
 Whilst German slaves must grind them, to prepare,
 Their Easy Necks, your Iron yoke to wear:
 Cease, Cease O George, thus to pollute our Isle,
 Return, Return to thy long wisht Exile,
 There with thy Train defile the Neighb'ring States,
 And by thy Crimes participate their Fates;
 Or like rash Phaeton, with fury hurld,
 Thy Rage will soon consume the British World:
 Thou for the British Throne, wer't never fit,
 It far surpasses thy poor pigmy wit,
 Blast him O Heaven, in his mad Career,
 And let these Isles no more his frenzy fear.

F I N I S.